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 See Page



FIRST CLASS MAIL

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

This is it, the premiere issue of Coat of Arms! It is published monthly by Tom Mainardi 1403 Lawrence Rd. Havertown, Pa. 19083; 215 446 5611 and Steve Arnawoodian 602 Hemlock Cr. Lansdale, Pa. 19446, 215 6997659.

COA will have two sections, one is Bersaglieri, written by Tom, the other is Diplomatic Immunity which is written by Steve. Sub fees are currently 60¢/issue or 12/6.00. However one or two more subzines are scheduled to be added by the third issue, such as The Snake Pit by Keith Mercer. If this pushes the postage too high the sub fees will increase. If you're smart you'll sub ASAP and beat the rate hike.

Sub checks should be mailed to Tom because Woody's bookkeeping leaves a lot to be desired.

There are game openings in diplomacy in both Bersaglieri and Diplomatic Immunity. Bersag has 4 week deadlines, DI has both 2 and 4 week deadlines, game fees are 3.00.

I(me, Woody) suppose since this is the first issue I should say why the name is Coat of Arms. I haven't the slightest idea so ask Tom.

The standby list will be referred to as The Leper Colony. Now that I know about, if you want to find out you'll just have to read Diplomatic Immunity.

The Leper Colony residents: Steve Langley, Mike Mills, Keith Mercer, Gary Coughlan and Kathy Byrne.

In case you thought I did not know DIPLOMACY is a registered trademark for a game invented by Allan B. Calhamer and copyrighted by the Avalon Hill Company. I wonder if anyone has ever met Allan Calhamer? Here we have this name, that's all, who is this man? Can you imagine how long it took to write the rulebook. I wonder how many excedrin headaches it took to finish? Poor guy I hope they named a headache number after him. Because I admire Allan, my good friend so much, Tom and I have decided to use Allan's houserules. Ok Bruce?

Please look through COA I'm sure everyone will find something they enjoy, if you don't then write me an article that you enjoy. If you're lazy write me a subject which you would like to see an article written about.

Eufona Express recently had a bit on MCI, a company that can help save you a sum of money from your phone bill. I've been using MCI since July. I save about 50%, a call to NYC costs about \$ 7.50/hr. This is a must if you live in the south or if you call southerners often. Since they speak so slowly phone conversations with them are always long and expensive. Seriously I have saved a lot with MCI. However not everyone can be called through them. It's only where they have a computer hookup. For instance I cannot reach Keith Mercer through them, nor can I call anyone in South Carolina. Perhaps in a few months or within a year I'll be able to get western Pa. as MCI expands there hookups constantly. The only way you'll know if you can get MCI is to call them. I wonder if I could get a commission for signing people?



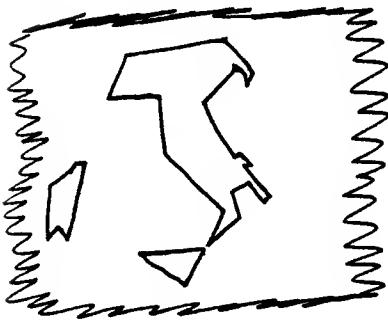
Mike & Eureka Mills begin to put

Mike's theories on "What I'd do if I were President" to work.



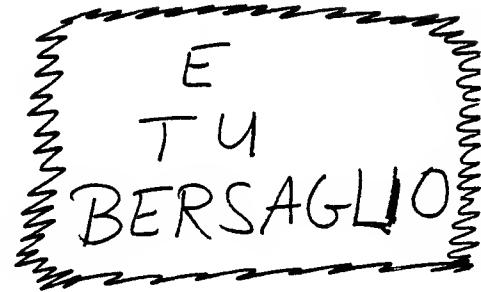
The Wells' making a new neighbor feel right at home.

# Bersaglieri



9

NOVE



Yes, Welcome to Bersagliieri 9 and to the first issue of Coat Of Arms.  
Bersagliieri is brought to you by Tom Mainardi, 1403 Lawrence Rd.,  
Havertown, PA 19083 (215) 446-5611

I am currently running one reg. Dip game and one Gunboat Dip game.  
There are 4 people signed up for the second reg. Dip game. I need 3  
more. If there is interest, I'll consider another Gunboat Dip game.  
Let me know! Game fees are: Reg Dip: \$3, Gunboat: \$2.

Molise    1981 X    W '02 + S '03

France and Turkey on vacation, Triple bounce in Sweden, and it looks  
like a Russian, English, Austrian showdown.....

#### Winter '02 Builds:

Austria: no change; England: Builds A Lon; France: NBR!!! plays 2 short;  
Germany: retreats F Den-Ska, and removes A Ruh; Italy: no change;  
Russia: Builds A War; Turkey: no change

#### SPRING '03 orders:

Austria (Byrne): A SIL-Gal, A Boh-VIE, A Gre-BUL, A SER S A Gre-Bul, FAEG-Con.  
England (Zipper): A Lon-HOL, A BEL S A Lon-Hol, A KIE S A Lon-Hol, F NWG-Nwy,  
F NTH C A Lon-Hol, F DEN-Swe.

France (Jones): NMR!!! ALL UNITS HOLD! HAS: A BUR, A MUN, A TYR, F LYO  
Germany (Dupont): F SKA-Swe, A Ber-PRU

Italy (Arnawoodian): A Tus-VEN, A Nap-ROM, F EAS-Smy, F Ion-TYRS

Russia (Ditter): A NWY Holds, F BAL-Swe, A Rum-GAL, A WAR S A Rum-Gal,  
A Sev-RUM, A Arm-ANK, F BLA S A Arm-Ank

Turkey (Fleming): NMR!!! ALL UNITS HOLD! HAS: F Con, F Smy, A Ank (annih)  
A Bul (annih)

DEADLINE for Fall '03 orders is Sat., October 24 Press on other side....

1981X cont.

Will Mike Mills at 47 Mayer Dr., Suffern, NY 10901 please submit leper (standby) orders for Turkey.

Will Keith Mercer at RD #6, Old Ash Rd., Mercer, PA 16137 please submit leper (standby) orders for France.

There has been a request for a few draw proposals. I believe that it's too early for this sort of thing but anyway: Draws: R/I/E/T, R/E, R/I. Not voting is a NO vote!

Press:

Berlin-Paris: Je ne regreterrai rien!

The INSANE Austrian-Dippy Don: Oh, please help me, my country is a mess! If you turn on me now, I'm dead. Uh oh, do I hear them playing taps?

Byrney-Little Red Army: You fool, get out of my country. Now look at the mess you've made of this!

Byrney-Woody: It's a no win situation - however the French army didn't get sore feet for nothing - he will get one from at least one of us.

Die you French Frog!

Vienna-Berlin: Well, at least I won't be the first one out -- probably #2! I should have tried harder then I could have been #1.

Vienna-London: Thanks for your letters, if not for you I could forget about this game -- why do you insist on torturing me!

## TOSCANA Gunboat Dip Spring '01

I herewith apologize to the player playing Germany in this game. It seems that he did send in his Spring moves along with press. Your GM lost those moves. He wrote me and expressed his wish to stay in the game only if I found his original orders and press. Well, I did find them after a thorough search and in fairness to him I am reprinting the Spring '01 orders with his included. There is not too much of a change. Again, I am very sorry that this happened and I promise that it won't again. I beg for everyone's patience and understanding.

SPRING '01: corrected

Austria: F Tri-VEN, A VIE-Gal, A Bud-SER

England: F Edi-NTH, F Lon-ENG, A Liv-WAL

France: F Bre-MAO, A Par-BUR, A Mar-SPA

Germany: F Kie-DEN, A Ber-KIE, A Mun-TYR

Italy: F Nap-TYRS, A Rom-TUS, A Ven-PIE

Russia: F SEV-Bla, F StP(sc)-BCT, A WAR-Gal, A Mos-UKR

Turkey: F ANK-Bla, A Con-BUL, A Smy-ARM

German Press:

Germany-A&I: Please regard my move to Tyrolia as purely defensive. I hope that someone bounced me. I want to see things peaceful down south.

Denmark-Russia: You had better be peaceful or you will never see Sweden!

Germany-E&F: As you can see, I have not moved toward either of you or threatened Belgium. My intentions are peaceful.

Germany-England: I regard Belgium as English territory. If you get opposed by the French next season, you can count on my support in Spring '02. (unless you don't want it).

Germany-France: I hope you stayed out of Burgundy. If not, then get out now! I'm willing to cooperate as long as we have a peaceful border.

DEADLINE FOR FALL '01 is Sat., October 24.

\*I guess I should explain the front cover design of Coat of Arms. Well, I thought that I'd put together a "Coat" that would incorporate something from all seven countries' "insignias". I think that what I came up with is pretty good.

The double-headed eagle on the top is Russian, the bottom part of the eagle is from the Austrian eagle, the entire shield itself is that of the House of Savoy of Italy, inside the shield are the English lion, the German cross, the French fleur de Li, and the Turkish crescent.

I hope y'all like it as much as I do.

## La Rubrica de Lettere (Letter Column)

I received this letter from John Michalski in response to an article on Mussolini printed in issue 7 of Bersagliari:

Dear Tom,

I read with interest your recent Mussolini editorial. The hobby being what it is, filled with a lot of folks who wouldn't say poot if you did it in their face, I guess it was something of an act of courage to come out with that piece. However, I think it contained some errors.

First off, you state that his ambition pushed him into war in order to be in a position of power at the peace conference. Insofar as invading Greece goes, yes, that is correct. However, to say that hooking up with Hitler was an error is to seriously overlook some fundamental points. 1. In both Greece and North Africa, Italian excursions into neighboring lands from Italian holdings led to disaster for Italian arms. Even the ill-equipped Greeks had not only liberated Greece, but indeed, were in possession of a full third of Italian Albania when the Germans came along and bailed the Italians out. Ethiopia alone, with Italian planes, tanks, and mustard gas against spearchuckers, fell to the Italian advance. Greece was less prepared for war than Fascist Italy, but would have been in Tirana by mid-summer. Only German troops, few in number compared to the Italians they were rescuing, saved them from a great and well-deserved embarrassment.

2. While entering the war to play keep-up-with-the-Joneses with Hitler was a disaster for Mussolini and his Italy, it was an even bigger disaster for Hitler. Had Hitler been able to avoid the Balkan campaign, the Russian campaign would have likely begun 6 weeks earlier. Had that occurred, Hitler might have won WWII. If NAF were neutral, the waste of German units there would have either been avoided altogether, or, any British action would have raised enough attention for Germany to come in and clean England's clock. Instead, they pussyfooted around, just propping up Italy via one paltry corps, and even that came closer to Alexandria than it should have. With NAF neutral, there would have been peace until Germany took Iraq, Palestine, and Alexandria from the Caucasus.

3. Italy is not so much an enigma as it is a farce. It is ignored for the same reason. Italian governments change faster than Latin American ones and for the same reasons. The Italian economy is a joke, and if it weren't for a couple of naval bases needed, the country you call "#4" in Europe would rank in a tie with Mongolia.

In conclusion, I think you go out on a shaky limb to call Benito a "great statesman" etc. In view of his, and his Italy's, record, "Laughingstock" would seem to be more appropriate.

END

## La Rubrica da Lettere (continuata)

((John, John, John. How easily you sound off at the mouth without first getting your thoughts together.

Let's start with Greece. The Italian "invasion" of Greece was the idea of Galeazzo Ciano, Mussolini's foreign affairs minister. In collusion with Jacomoni, one of his yes-men, Ciano had worked out a plan and submitted it to Mussolini. The plan suggested that the Greeks could be bought as easily as hookers. Mussolini checked with his minister in Athens who agreed that a lot of money and a few troops could assure an Italian parade into Athens. As it turned out, the Greek government leaders accepted the money (millions of lira) but didn't carry out their part of the bargain. (Sounds a bit like when the US sold scrap metal to Japan and they used it to bomb Pearl Harbor) Mussolini was counting on a diplomatic coup for the annexation of Greece. That is the main reason for his not attacking Greece better prepared. Others were the mountainous terrain which was impossible for tanks, hopeless airfields and unsuitable weather, the fact that the Greeks had been mobilized and prepared for war since August 24, (the attack started on Oct. 28) and Italy guarding against possible Yugoslav interference. Thus, the Ciano plot failed.

As for the Germans "bailing the Italians out", that again is an irony. The Greeks advanced one quarter into Albania, not one third and that was with the help of British forces, "few in number compared to the Greeks they were helping" but nevertheless, an important factor in the Greek advance. And the Germans, entering Greece from Bulgaria had almost no opposition and advanced along relatively flat terrain along the coast unlike the Italians stuck in the mountains. And no the Greeks would not have gotten near Tirana. There was an eventual stalemate line in the southern region.

As for Ethiopia. Before you start shooting your mouth off about that, take a good look at a relief map of Africa. No where else on the whole continent is the land least suited for warfare excepting of course the Sahara. And where was the last bit of colonial land available in Africa located in 1935? Ethiopia. So, the It-ties had no other choice but it.

The Ethiopians had long been supplied with weapons from other European nations. Even still, they like all other colonial prospectives, fell to European forces.

You talk about planes tanks and mustard gas. Yes, the Italians used them but when you come down to it, Ethiopia was conquered by manpower just like all other colonies. The Italians did not rely on tanks or gas but on the infantry and cavalry. Italian tanks did not race over terrain (similar to Colorado except without roads) but there were tangled brush, forests, and mountains. Gas is good for trench warfare and large bodies of men but not for native warriors scattered in swift, small bands. And planes. The way from Eritrea to Addis Ababa is mountainous which means treacherous air currents. And what would planes bomb? Mud huts? There wasn't any industry in Ethiopia then. So, when you come down to it, the Conquest of Ethiopia was like any other conquest of most other lands.

Now to the German intervention in North Africa. In your argument, John, you used that one word which when you're talking about history, has no relevance in the present day. And that word is IF. If this had happened, if that had happened. BULL!! Hitler could say little to what Mussolini wanted to do because Mussolini gave him what he wanted most of all, AUSTRIA. Hitler vowed that he'd be forever grateful to Benito for that. Hitler's empire would have never started if it weren't for Mussolini's cooperation. So, don't go telling me that Italy lost the war for Germany.

And, as you refuse to acknowledge, and what I stated in my other article, in 1940, Italy was militarily and psychologically unprepared to go to war. Mussolini himself told Hitler that he would not be ready until at least 1943. So, you could say that Germany lost the war for

And, as you refuse to acknowledge, and what I stated in my other article, In 1940, Italy was militarily and psychologically unprepared for war. Mussolini himself told Hitler that he would not be ready until at least 1943. So, you can say that Germany lost the war for itself and its allies. I mean let's face it, Mussolini seemed to know the limitations of his country -- Italy had practically no raw materials of its own. Hitler seems to have ignored this fact and went ahead with his own plans while caring little about his ally's.

Bene. Now let's bring this up to the present day.

The Italian government is very volatile. The reason for that is the number of political parties in the system; Christian Democrat, Communist, Socialist, Neo-Fascist, etc. And how can you say that Italian governments change for the same reasons as Latin American ones? Latin American governments can't even control their own countries generally. Military coups are an everyday occurrence as are assassination and torture. Italian governments do not change because a military junta can't keep power. So, your comment is baseless.

As for economies, among Western nations, including Japan, Italy ranks sixth in back of the US, Japan, FRG, France, and the UK. You call that a joke? That puts it above Canada, Spain, Australia and yes, even above Poland.

No, John, I haven't forgotten that you're Polish. Oh, you may think that you're American. But there are no American Americans. (Even the Indians aren't since "America" is a product of Europe) No, John, you're Polish. And you really have no room to call names such as "laughingstock" when you're Polish. I'm not going to go deeply into it, but by the way, was Poland ever even a country? Oh, yeah, after WWI the Great Powers, of which Italy was one, created it out of old Germany, Russia, and Austria. Oh, and that was brilliant defence that the Poles put up in the face of the Germans about 40 years ago wasn't it, John? And can you believe Poland today? It can barely feed itself and it's still exporting food. And that Polish economy is really healthy. How much money do they owe the West now? And by the way, Gdansk is, if you'll remember really Danzig -- a German city. (I thought you'd like that, Mike)

You speak of Italy's record as a laughingstock. Well, I wouldn't call the Roman Empire funny. Nor would I call the Rinascimento (Renaissance) hilarious. How about Columbus, Rudy Valentino, Enrico Fermi, and of course, Sophia Loren? All jokes?

John, I think the temperature and dust out there in Oklahoma have affected your mind. That's why we're sending all of the derelicts of the North East out there. There's no intelligent life out there so they won't have to think too much to survive.

And by the way, Oklahoma may be OK but it'll never be as great as PENNSYLVANIA!

END ))

#### Why I bought a Jap car

Well, I do admit that at times I do feel a little guilty about driving a foreign car, especially a Japmobile. But here's my explanation: Back in June I bought an '81 Honda Accord. When they first came out I fell in love with that car. So, when it came time to buy my first new car I was already partial. At the present, I figure that by the time I get rid of this car, there should be some pretty nice American cars that I would like on the road. GM's already started with their J-cars. The Chevy Cavalier

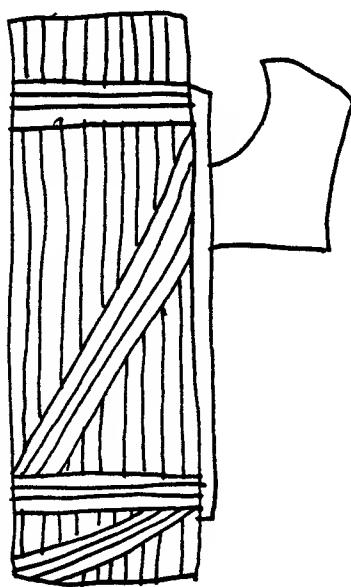
hatchback is sharp. If American car companies would keep making cars like that they'd soon find that they'd be making a profit again.

That's the type of car I like: 2-door hatchbacks with some style to them --Not just a box on four wheels like the VW Rabbit or the Dodge Omni. Quality is another big factor. I shopped around a little and found that Chrysler is still lagging in that department. I mean I saw brand new cars on the lot that already had chipped paint! Come on. Now I'm not saying that Jap cars are perfect. I mean they're very fragile cars. If you push or pull or whatever something too much it'll break. And parts for Jap cars are usually much higher than their American counterpart. So, there are drawbacks to all foreign cars.

But I do like my car for the reason that I like the way it looks and the gas mileage I get --about 26 in the suburbs compared to my old '73 Impala which got about 9mpg. Actually I prefer big cars. My cousin owns a '79 Buick Park Ave. and I "melt" everytime I ride in it. But I'm not rich and can't afford to use that much gas anymore. I used to pay about \$23 per week for gas, now I pay less than \$10.

Sorry I rambled on and on but I do that now and then. Anyway, what do you think about cars, gas, etc.? I'd like to know.

I'm not sure if the following symbol is widely known or not. I'd like to find out. If you decide to sub, or with your orders, or just in a letter, I'd like to know if you know what this symbol is. Please let me know if you know....



Well, I hope you all enjoyed the first issue of Coat of Arms and I hope that you all sub. Don't forget, those of you in any games in CoA -- Bersag, or DI -- will receive CoA free until your game ends. So, until next month.....

C I A O , S A Y O N A R A , A U F W I E D E R S E H E  
(damn those long German words)

# DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY



This is the first issue of Diplomatic Immunity, along with Bersaglieri it comprises Coat of Arms. DI is published monthly by Steve Arnawoodian 602 Hemlock Cr. Lansdale, Pa. 19446. There are game openings in Diplomacy with 2 and 4 week deadlines. Game fees are \$3.

When you open your mouth do you tend to insert your foot? Do you regret half the opinions you have expressed in the past year? If you do then Diplomatic Immunity is the place for you. What anyone says here, especially what I say, will not be held against them, unless of course you happen to be Italian.

As for the name Coat of Arms, "Benny" I mean Tom and I tossed around at least fifty names but could not agree on any one. So we choose a name that neither of us liked. I want to apologize to Steve Langley, he wanted us to name this the Leper Colony. Sorry Steve but we will name the stand by list The Leper Colony and you can be the first Leper. Also there is a letter in DI That you will enjoy since Leprosy fascinates you so.

I want to thank John Caruso for all his encouragement and help in starting COA. I believe John is one of the most dedicated publishers in the hobby. He also publishes my favorite zine, Whitestonia. John I know I can always rely on you for help with any problems. So John you receive a free life time sub to COA.

Al Pearson had a few comments when he learned about COA. Al claimed Diplomatic Immunity should be great as I have the build to publish. Uncle Al also reminded me that Chutes and Ladders a zine does not make. Thanks for your comments Uncle. I am now dieting and have gained 2 lbs.

Dick Martin held Clone Con at his parents house sometime in late Aug, too bad he forgot to tell his parents 15 people were coming over and 8 of them would be sleeping there. Don't worry if you missed it though many of those who attended also missed it. Others who were there wished they missed it.

Kathy and Phyllis Byrne drove two hours from Flushing to Lansdale and then one hour from Lansdale to Havertown, where we met "Bennie" Mainardi. Poor Kathy and Phyllis had been in a car for three hours and they still had two to go. But they did not care, we knew the Martin's would demonstrate the typical southern hospitality and welcome us with open arms.

Finding the Martin home is no problem. They are the only residence in Rockville. 971 motels and the Martin Circus. Julie Glass met us at the door and took us down seven flights of stairs to the Martin Masolium, the room where we would be playing diplomacy. As we approached this dark, damp, dreary vault we could hear Uncle Al ranting and raving. It seems he had just been wiped out by six novices. (yes, Dick and Barro are included in the six)

Immediately Kathy's stomach began to rumble. She complained to Dick that none of ate, figuring there would be a banquet at Clone Con. Dick apologized and brought out the smallest bag of pretzels and doritos I have ever seen. But any morsel or crumb would have been satisfying. Julie Glass grabbed the snacks first. Julie was also the last to see food in the bags.

Ignoring our growling stomachs we turned to Crud to see if there was anything to quench our thirst. Graciously Dick brought out two bottles of no frills brand beer for 15 people to share. Barro grabbed one of the bottles, while Crud took a gulp from the other. Needless to say the rest of us went thirsty afterall who wanted to share with Barro or Crud.

We decided to break for dinner at 5pm. The place Dick decided we should eat was so crudish. They were out of 95% of the items on the menu. It reminded me of an I Love Lucy Show where Lucy, Ricky, Fred and Ethel were driving to Calif. They stopped for dinner somewhere in Ohio, every Entree they ordered the restaurant was out of. Finally they asked just what do you have, so the waiter brought out 4 cheese sandwiches. Anyway Crud's favorite restaurant had 2 choices that night a steak the size of a quarter and a steak the size of a half dollar. I took the one that was the size of a half dollar because you got 3 french fries instead of 2. I must say I've had bubblegum which was more tender.

Getting back to Martin's we resumed our respective dip games. The difference was we agreed to speed up the games. We would now have 90 minute deadlines instead of 2 hour limits. Only fast fingers protested and threw a tantrum, he wanted to

extend the deadline from 2hrs. to 2hrs45min. Fortunately I was not on Benny's (Tom Mainardi) table, everytime I glanced that way you could see 3 or 4 people napping. My game was over at midnight, the slow game was over at 4am when Julie Glass picked up one end of the board and I picked up the other end.

The sleeping accomodatins were not bad. Kathy and Phyllis actually got a bed, who cares if it was in a barn and made of straw. I got the couch but no blanket, wouldn't know it, that was the first time frost hit Maryland in August. Everyone else got the floor with a blanket. My idea of a restful night is not trying to figure out what everyones snores sound like but... Mainrdi's was like the noise that an Italian organ grinder makes, it was so authentic I actually threw money at him. Crud's was really strange, I can't quite place the noise he made but when I looked out the window there were a lot of deer and moose wandering around. Now Scott Phillips had this long drawn out snore. His inhale must have taken 20 minutes, his exhale blew like a hurricane knocking everything out of its path. I thought I'd be lucky and Barro would not snore, well no such luck. When Barro snores it's not really a snore it's a SONIC BOOM! This Barro explosion not only shook the house it actually rivaled a strong Calif type earthquake. I fell out of the couch, Fastfingers and Crud fell out of the house. The Martin's used to Dick's weird friends just went on sleeping, they did not even budge from their beds. Looking out the window one could see the motel guests fleeing the strange town. Kathy and Phyllis ran in from the barn I tried to tell Kathy it was only Barro, but Kathy insisted we flee to safety. Off we went in Fastfingers Honda back to Pa. /As for Scott Phillips, his glasses were shattered in the SNORE, along with his car (although if a bee swng that car it would have shattered). The last I saw of Scott he was wondering around Rockville on the back of a moose.

\*\*\*\*\*

I received this letter yesterday from my good friend John Caruso the person that has my highest respect and admiration.

Dear Fastfingers, Woody and Company,

You mean I have to trade with you guys? Don't you two put me through enough tortures? First I have to teach Tom the ropes at Origins '80 and get him indoctrinated into the hobby. Then I must sit back idly while the two of you throw insults and jabs at "the Whitestonia Crowd". If that isn't bad enough I must swallow the fact that Woody calls our house 12 times a week. He purposely ties up the phone so Toots can't get through. Why Woody even "brow beated" Lucious into stabbing Toots. Sorry John she had no other choice. Woody threatened cross game attacks if she didn't do his biddings. And if that is not bad enough Woody has the hots for Lucious and is trying to take her away from me by giving me food. You may be thinking, why would I trade food for Kathy? I'm not Woody is feeding me so when he steals Kathy I will be too fat to catch up with him. Very sneaky fellow that Woody, but then again he did find time to slip off to room 100 on Saturday night at Gen Con.

Best of luck to the two of you. I hope you take all the pointers that Brad is giving you.

John

Dear John,

Thanks for your letter. Me send food to you? Your body qualifies you to be a better publisher than me. I seem to remember Phyllis entering my kitchen on the return from Rockville seeing some pop tarts. She told Kathy how there were none in your Flushing Apartment. Kathy told her to get a bag and help herself. Phyllis got a very large trash bag. Next thing I knew 19 of the 20 lbs of potatoes I had were ready to be shipped to Flushing along with Green peppers, corn tomatoes, steaks and most everything else in my kitchen. I really don't mind this but could you return the pots and pans? Also I was particularly upset when Phyllis turned to Kathy and said "Next time we hit the living room."

By the way John after reading your letter I have decided to cancel your free life time sub to CCA.

### Kathy's Kode

Welcome to this brand new zine which can definitely claim the honor of having the dumbest name in the hobby! But does Tom or Woody care if their zine name is stupid? No Way! They are used to being dumb, read on and see what I mean.

The reason this zine came into being was because "Fastfingers" Mainardi managed to get himself thrown out of EM and believe me that is no easy task, even Mercer is allowed to stay and we all know what a snake he is! "Fastfingers" and Mike Mills were involved in a championship game of Old Maid. Well Mom was always the Old Maid and he wore ~~chit dress~~ too. Well Mills could not figure out why he never got to be the Old Maid and he was really getting mad as the winner of the next match would get to wear Barno's Beads and Proskin's red polka dot bikini. Mike and Tom both wanted to win, Tom was ahead holding the Old Maid at every exchange of cards. When who should walk in but Woody's girlfriend, I mean boy friend Brux. Brux immediately declared Mills the automatic winner of The Old Maid tournament as Fastfingers broke rule 69 section 32 paragraph 13cxy. In plain English he cheated. He had marked the cards.

Well you should have seen Mills in his bikini and beads chasing Mainardi in his polka dot dress and Minnie Pearl hat. Mills never did catch Mainardi as Dick Martin thought Mills was the real Jane Proskin and tackled Mills to the ground for some hanky panky. But Mills did get revenge by ejecting Fastfingers from EM.

Now you understand why Tom is here but what did Woody do to deserve such a fate? Well Woody has been sending out resumes, showing all his creative works and asking all the publishers he knows if he can become a subzine in their zine. His resume is very impressive. It's so impressive in fact that it has been used for bird cage liner, puppy training paper and even toilet paper. The reason he is here can be explained by the answers he received from some noted publishers.

Gary Coughlan- "Y'all sure know how to pull a good joke- ha, ha ha ha ha..."

Toots Michalski "Thanks for the \$3.61, yup that's exactly what the recycling plant paid for your pounds of trash".

John Caruso "Forget it, I already have one idiot in my zine and you and Kathy together would destroy me. Go see Linsey."

Brux "Sorry Woody, but your houserules are too long. I mean 300 rules! Even I got bored reading them."

Steve Heinowski "I can't use your talent as I like my zine just the way it is boring!"

Scott Hanson "I've done you enough favors. First I take Fade Away and then you call me Phydoux."

Al Pearson "There's not enough room in JAF for both of us besides your houserules aren't long enough."

Jack Masters "I'm the #1 zine in America and that didn't happen by accepting second rate writers."

Bernie Oaklyn "If you're desperate enough to come to me you must be terrible."

Randolph Smyth "I don't like foreigners."

Woody is so desperate that he went to visit Brad Wilson. "Listen Bozo, I'll help you put out Born to Fold." But Brad says "no way" as the only way he'd do it was if Woody would pay back the \$1,013 he owed his subbers. Woody is not that desperate.

Then Woody heard about Tom's problem and the two undesireables joined up together. Now I'm sure you're asking "but what is such a wonderful talented person like you doing here? Well it was either write for them or they'd give me a years sub free to this rag. Even I'm not that sadist;c.

If you would like Kathy's Kode to review your zine just make sure I get to see 3 copies of it.. I'll be happy to review it without seeing a copy but look what I did to Woody and Tom. Bye.

Than's Kathy for writing those interesting facts about Tom. The stuff on me was all dreamed up in that fantasy world which seems to be growing larger and larger. Just think soon you won't have room for a brain and you'll be just like Grud

"I was a Bruce Linsey Ally"  
by Woody

You are probably saying to yourself big deal. But then you don't know just how bold and daring a move this is. In fact if you plan to attend a major con and Brux is there you had better read my story before you decide to ally with him.

The second day of the diplomacy tournament at Gen Con east I found myself placed on the next to the last board because of my fabulous performance the first day. Looking around the board I realized I was the only one old enough to make the claim they had never worn disposable diapers. I felt ancient for the first time in my life. But wait! A seventh player was being called, Bruce Linsey was to be my co-babysitter.

Bruce got to play Turkey to my Italy. Russia was played by someone preoccupied with learning how to tie his shoes. England and France were telling the German player horror stories about the sixth grade. The Austrian, he was a real pro. He was at least fifteen years old and he knew not to be ecstatic about drawing Austria.

Is it any wonder Linsey decided not to open A Con-Bul?! Actually the Austrian tried to stop Linsey from convoying his now A Ank-Bul in fall '01. But Brux wisely bribed the Russian by taking his picture and giving him a tootsie roll pop, for support from F Rum. Yes the Austrian was too smart to remain in this game. In fall '01 I moved into Tri and became the only country to get two builds.

By spring '03 Austria was no more. Now the game really got interesting. Germany finally took Hol and Eng moved into Norway. Belgium was still neutral, I think it was promised to my Italy. Bruce now moved on Russia. In no time he claimed Rum, Sev and Mos. What was Russia doing when Turkey took Warsaw? Attacking Germany of course.

But things began to get tough! It took Bruce two seasons to get Stp from Eng. Those same two seasons saw Italy take Mun, Por, Spa and Mar. Turkey had to struggle his way into Kiel and Ber. Soon only Eng remained. Eventhough it was passed his nap time the kid hung in there. That is until Bruce and I convoyed his army Bul to Liverpool. Graciously the kid rolled over and died. (actually he had no choice that was his last center)

There you have it, but really that is only half the story. It's the aftermath that future Linsey allies will read with interest. Three or four days after Gen Con, two men came to the door of my house. It seems they were to fit me for a pair of cement shoes, which "Don" Mainardi would personnally deliver. Next I began to receive hate mail where Caruso and Byrne called me traitor. Other letters contained adjectives which I refuse to print.

Allying with Brux will even cost you a good nights sleep. Not because your conscience is bothering you but because of the 3am phone calls. Three weeks straight the anonymous caller woke me saying "Woooodee, how kin Y'all sleep. Surely ya have a guilty conscience. Y'all will soon be hearin from the KKK Lansdale Branch.

Where else can I be badgered? Why in press of course. Take Mike Mills, the man who never bothered anyone, he who avoids controversy... Mills sure changed his way in a nice friendly Chutes and ladders game. Here it is ! Mills to Woody; "How can I go along with you? You who would and did sell his scruples to draw in a dip game. You who was willing to eat hi just to get a 17 center two way. C'mon Woody how could I trust your opinion after you showed us your real self at Gen Con?"

So you see if you get on a board with Linsey all eyes are going to be upon you. Don't think for a minute you can hide your alliance it just will not work. Think it over, remember the consequences. Are you ready for packages in the mail that tick? As for me would I do it again? You know it anything to annoy Byrnel

## "Living with Leprosy Diplomatically"

Dear Woody;

While I am not a subscriber to Diplomatic Immunity and will not yet reveal my name, I am writing this letter to begin the process of coming out of the closet. Yes, I am a leper, and I play in another zine. No one knows that I am a leper as I play under an assumed name and receive my mail at a post office box here at the colony.

It's not easy to be a leper and play Diplomacy. In fact it's not easy to be a leper and do anything else at the same time. In order for your to better appreciate what I have gone through, I'd like to take you through the various stages of the disease as it coincided with My aquaintance and ultimate full time participation in the game.

I was introduced to the game by Dr. Ben Dover, a physician who began treating me for leprosy when the initial symptoms began to surface. These symptoms included the loss of feeling in my lower lip and the inability to pronounce the letter "F". Dr. Dover was advancing toward Russia at that time and became preoccupied with a rather shaky alliance with France. So much so that he prescribed Cod Liver Oil to reverse my symptoms. Needless to say this did nothing to alleviate my problem, in fact it only aggravated it. Within a week my hands began to transform themselves into claws. One eye became bigger than the other. My hair fell out and for lack of a better way to put it, I required a substantially larger athletic supporter. (Some symptoms are less unpleasant than others) In spite of all of these strange occurrences I felt that, with the exception of having to purchase my undershorts by prescription, I had yet to be inconvenienced by the disease. I kept telling myself, cheer up, things could be worse so I cheered up and sure enough things got worse!

The next thing that happened was that the corneas of both eyes would frequently fall out. I would have to constantly forego humiliation when this would happen during a conversation with someone by excusing myself and picking one up. Invariably I would try to put the large one in the small eye and lose the small one by dropping it in the large eye socket. Then I would have to ask a small child to reach into my skull and find it. It was particularly embarrassing when both eyes fell out at the same time and I wouldn't be able to see where they went.

At this point Dr. Dover's advance into Russia had experienced several setbacks so while he regrouped and initiated several new key alliances, he took a few minutes out to look at me. He experimented with a new serum he invented, consisting of earwax, bellybutton lint and too jams in equal parts. He felt that injecting this serum into my tongue twice a day for a period of 14 months it would put my condition into remission. It worked, but only for about 20 minutes. After that some really strange things started to happen. Each time I would open my mouth, foreign languages emerged. The only foreign language I've ever learned was the 2 years of New York I took in junior high.

It was at this time that Dr. Dover had me admitted to a special clinic called the Leprosy Lounge in Lancaster, Pa. In addition to being treated I also learned how to repair buggy wheels. After six months when it was learned that their treatments were to no avail Dr. Dover recommended that I apply for membership at a Lepcr Colony. The waiting list was staggering. But Dr. Dover pulled a few strings and was able to secure cave six, usually the first one reserved for foreign dignitaries and the first to be snapped up during the tourist season. It had hot and cold running lava and a stable for diseased farm animals.

That was  $6\frac{1}{2}$  years ago and I've been here ever since. Sure I'm a little older. I have 3 or 4 less fingers and I need an interpreter to talk to myself. But through the years I have developed and continued my interest in Diplomacy. It's all thanks to Dr. Dover.

It's funny how things work out. My mother who was a pure bred Pallimino used to say that things always work out for the best. She was right, rest her soul. In a letter which I will soon write I will recount my diplomacy experiences and explain how leprosy has helped me play a better game. If no harsh reactions are expressed to this letter I will consider revealing my true identity to the *but* *but* *but*

To whom it may concern:

How the hell does one get Lepersy? And what is it? I guess you feel you need Diplomatic Immunity or something of that sort so you came here. Thanks, I think. I am looking forward to your letter and reading about playing diplomacy in a cave. By the way the Leper Colony receives four free issues of COA.

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No chutes and Ladders this time. It seems Pearson, Mills and Langley need more time. Pearson and Mills are probably contemplating the offers of alliances they received last turn. Irish Mike is wondering, should I trust Lucious even though she's from the wrong side of Ireland. Uncle Al on the otherhand is ignoring the game until someone other than Crud offers to help him. Steve Langley is on vacation somewhere. It seems he along with Ron Brown(CALIF) have gotten involved in state politics. In fact the 2 of them are probably reviewing proposition 21B right now. This is a little publicized bill, originally sponsored by Brown. It requires Blacks and Hispanics to speak the kings English. I hope things clear up quickly for these 3 so they can get their choices in for next month. Actually I can understand Mills not sending a move in, he leads the pack.

A few weekends ago I went to the shore, Ocean City, N.J. where my sister has a house. Since Ocean City is only about 20 minutes from Atlantic City that is usually where we end up spending the evening, also because Ocean City is one of the most boring towns for anyone over 5. It's even dry! Also the police like to enforce the laws to the smallest detail. I remember the time a friend a I were walking down the street at 2am drinking a beer. Now this street had no light but the cops noticed our beers. Fortunately they only made us spill it on the sidewalk usually they run you in for lesser crimes. Like the time my cousin was riding her bike after dark. Unfortunately she had no light on the bike and was promptly arrested. Now the police called my aunt and told her to simply pay a fifty dollar fine and my cousin could go free. Too bad for the Ocean City police as my aunt was thrilled to have some peace and quiet and told the police she did not have that much money on her and they would have to wait until the weekend when my uncle arrived. Not wishing to babysit the police decided to accept the ten bucks my aunt claimed she had with her.

As you can see Ocean City is not a thrilling town so when my sister, Nancy said let's do something other than go to the casino I knew it would be some night, clean the house or bathe the dog. Just when I thought bathing the dog won out one of my nephews ran in the house grabbed some money ran out and yelled I'll be at Aqua Port. Aqua Port the pinball and electronic junk place!

We grabbed some money and ran after Kurt. Entering this place I realized I had never seen so many kids in one place. Nancy immediately found what she thought would be forte. It was something called Pacman, where these bugs eat eachother. I watched Nancy as she put quarter after quarter into this thing. I would say in 10 minutes she spent \$4. After the tenth game she really got good. So we tried to figure out how you win free games, unfortunately we could not find any set score for an extra game. About this time some kid who was no taller than my kneecap came over, he wanted to play Pacman. Nancy refused to give up the machine she thought she was beginning to roll now. Since two could play the game they each put in their quarters. Nancy played her best game ever, only the kid played a much better game. Watching the kid I knew the secret to these electronic gismos. You have to position your legs and elbows perfectly. The knees must bend like that of a flamingo. The hands must move the speed of sound.

Thinking I knew how to play I found my nephew and challenged him to some game that made strange noises, You tried to keep the jet or rocket from being hit by missles and other nasty things. This game was ideal for an octopus. There were at least 9 buttons. However I was not afraid I watched someone who was about 3 feet, if he could do it so could I. I positioned my legs, immediately

twisted my left ankle. But I did not give up I continued and fought off those missles for at least 6 seconds! My second turn I realized that my left leg was now incapacitated and I would simply have to move my hands faster. I could not believe it I held off the missles and assorted attacks for a good 2 seconds before I got a cramp in my right arm. This was enough I decided to forfeit not because the score was 45,698 to 43 but because my body could not handle it.

I hobbled to where my sister had become a fixture. This Pacman machine made more money than a slot machine. Although Nancy would not admit it I am sure she went through \$10 in quarters. Still she had not won a free game. I walked over to one of the attendants and asked what is the score for a free game in Pacman. His reply was "A free what!" What a dissapointment, not only did I find out that these new machines with the strange sounds do not reward for outstanding play but you only get three plays per quarter. I was disappointed with the place but my sister took to that Pacman like a second home. That is until the next morning when she woke up holding her arm. She had Pacman arm!

These games should have a warning form the Surgeon General declaring electronic games hazardous to the body of anyone over 20.

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Today I received a letter in the mail from The Diplomacy Callers Association of America. It seems that one of their members has been shabbily treated by a John Caruso. It seems that John has just recently bellowed over the phone at poor innocent Scott Hanson. Normally I would ask for John's side of the story but since I know John so well and have listened to his guff over the phone I am going along with the DTCAA and will hang up the phone if Caruso answers. Hopefully Kathy will keep the gorilla away from the phone.

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Tommorrow, Sept. 12, I leave for New Orleans. For two weeks I'll be driving through the aouth. Gary Coughlan sent me a tape on how to speak southern like a native in 7 days. After 2 weeks I am still on lesson 3. I figured I should be understandable on the phone anyway. So I called a motel for reservations in Roanoke, Va. I remembered to say suh! But the man had no idea what I was talking about. He put the phone down for a minute, then a woman with a strong Pakastani or Indian accent came on the phone. I repeated the info to her twice but I think I have a room in Roanoke. Before I hung up she asked where I was from, I said Phila. and she said "Oh no wonder." I wonder what would have happened if Mills had called with his strong Irish Brookly accent?

I'll be staying at Gary's for a few days on my way home from New Orleans, so Gary sent me flawless directions. "Take the exit after the exit that says something like, Wendy's at this exit." also liked Gary's comments" Good luck getting through the depths of darkest Mississippi. Make sure you have a confederate flag!"

With a little luck I'll make back to Pa. and will survive to write issue #2 of Diplomatic Immunity. Thanks to Kathy Byrne for Kathy's Kode, next month you type it' and I'll bring you something southern! Along with Kathy's Kode and hopefully a letter from the Lepre Colonist, We'll have Aunt Tillie! That's right with the closing of Emhain Macha Aunt Tillie has agreed to write in DI next month. She says she will not commit herself here. It seems that Europa Express is trying to outbid me for Aunties contract.

Don't forget both Bersag and DI have game openings. We welcome all comments on Coat of Arms, Tom still hasn't told me why we named it that.

Issue #2 will be out Oct 25, see you then.